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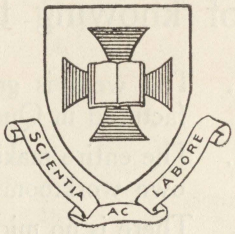

AUGUST 1919

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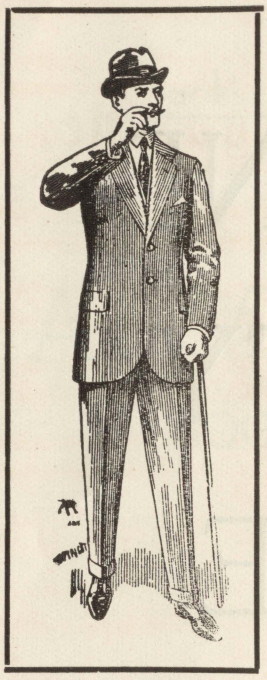

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CONTENTS.

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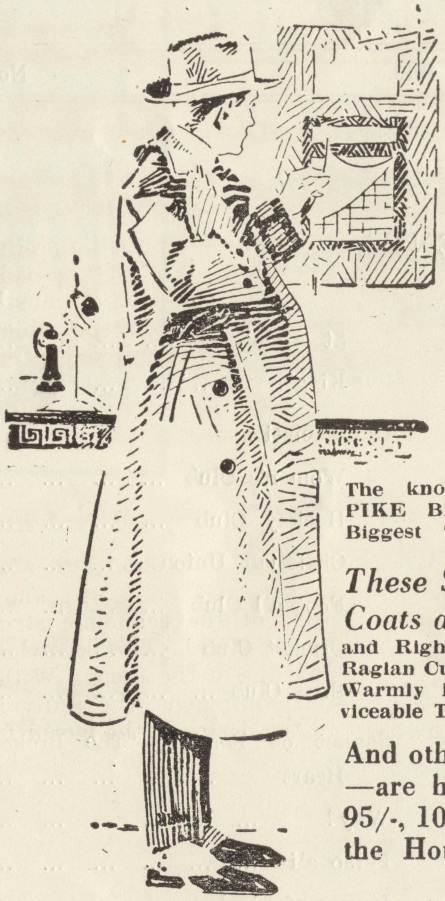

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Hor., A.P. 334.

Industrial Autonomy.

The various schemes of industrial reconstruction and reform, which are almost daily thrust upon the attention of the public, are all designed to secure for the worker some participation in industrial control. There is a very general recognition of the fact that industrial discontent will not be entirely abolished by higher wages or profit-sharing; the partnership of the worker in industry must be broadly conceived. The joint responsibility to the community of the director and the humblest worker is the conception under which the reorganisation of industries will proceed.

So far, no objection can be taken to the idea which is to provide the inspiration of the new era. Social co-operation must undoubtedly replace the individualistic competition which our immediate predecessors believed to be the only means of progress. But there is a definite danger that the community will unthinkingly endeavour to apply the confusions of democratic politics to the difficult question of industrial control. In all the writings of the Guild Socialists, for example, there is evidence of this tendency. Autonomy, the right of an individual to control his own actions, is determined not by systematic voting or representation, but by his capacity for self-control. The outstanding defect of our system of parliamentary government, of our partisan organisation, is that mere emotional pressure is mistaken for responsible decision. Our politicians make no attempt to debate the real issues of the immediate future before the public; they confine their endeavours to the task of stampeding the crowd, moved by fear and irrational hate, in the direction of the polling booth. This condition of affairs is bad enough politically; in the end it must lead to tyranny rather than responsible government. But if this misconception of responsibility be applied to the "democratisation" of industry, the result cannot be other than disaster.

The only person who is capable of controlling an industry, or of sharing in its control, is the person who understands the methods and conditions of works, the nature of the market and who knows something also of the economic structure of the modern world. This knowledge must be knowledge of the facts. Without such a mental equipment, the individual may have all the desire in the world for autonomy, the control by himself of his own activities, and be unable to achieve it. The power to determine one's actions is conditioned by the power to think for oneself. So long as men have to be regimented into groups and have their opinions manufactured for them—so long as vague generalisations and facile hatreds remain the motive of such regimentation—so long it will be impossible for the worker to achieve any degree of autonomy at all. In this mental condition he must remain the slave of one so-called leader or another. It is only by facing the facts, only by the development of a clear and scientific understanding of the facts of history and social organisation that the worker will achieve the power to break his bonds. The fetters of the working class are intellectual fetters; no mere partisan organisation but only intellectual development can remove them.

E.M.

Eric Mackay: An Appreciation.

It is not by way of damning with faint praise that I mention that Eric Mackay is foster-brother to Marie Corelli, who frequently, and always with considerable respect, quotes his verse; to her he dedicated his "Love Letters;" like her, he has seen much of Europe. Living thus mostly abroad, he came as a star unheralded in the literary firmament of the interesting and decadent 'eighties. True, poems of his had appeared before the publication in England of his first noteworthy volume of verse; in the columns of the "New York Independent," a very prominent journal, one had seen "The Waking of the Lark," "A Vision of Beethoven" and several other pieces that received a warm welcome from American critics and public alike. The noteworthy volume was "The Love Letters of a Violinist," issued early in 1885: an exquisite little book, quaintly bound in vellum antique in appearance, fancifully illustrated with woodcuts, and tied up with ribbons of yellow silk. It instantly excited great and widespread curiosity. Who was the "Violinist?" No one knew; the publishers professed ignorance. The work was attributed by various journals to poets as diverse as Owen Meredith, Edwin Arnold, Tennyson; one thought it might be a posthumous poem by Rossetti. But the poet to whom the "Love Letters were most commonly ascribed was Swinburne: Swinburne's poems of passion were much discussed in those days. This theory would never have been mooted had Mackay included in this volume the "Lines to A. C. Swinburne," a vigorous and spirited answer to the attack made by the latter (in "A Word to the Nation") on England's fame.

This reply created great interest: in it Mackay had written:

"Thou art a bee, a bright, a golden thing
With too much honey; and the taste thereof
Is sometimes rough, and somewhat of a sting
Dwells in the music that we hear thee sing."

And yet no poet has done this "bright, golden thing" more justice and honour than Eric Mackay. Thus, by fortuitously fitting in with the spirit of the times, the "Love Letters" secured an instant success that has, since 1880, been equalled, in the sphere of poetry, only by Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol," Masefield's "Everlasting Mercy," and Francis Thomson's "Hound of Heaven." Nor did their popularity diminish when in the "Independent" there appeared the revelation of their authorship. That journal simply stated that Eric Mackay was a gentleman of good position, belonging to a very old and distinguished family; and added that he was known in the circle of his friends and intimates as a man of wide and luminous learning, whose long residences abroad had made him somewhat of a stranger. Indeed, he was a fine linguist, as may in part be seen from the faultless technique of his few poems in Italian, which are full of the sunny warmth, lilt and ardour of the "Canzoni d'Amore": one who thought deeply on human destiny: a profound student of the classics, a fact nowhere better shown than in the felicitous turn of many classical comparisons: one saturated with the wide culture of the day, and endowed with several brilliant accomplishments.

From this, it has probably been gathered that his best work is in love-poetry. That is so; but he has also done some excellent things in other types. He is perhaps known best by his "Love Letters of a Violinist." These, like "A Lover's Litanies," keep to a rigid plan: twelve letters, each of twenty stanzas of six lines; the stanza is difficult in that there are only two rimes employed. But the strict adherence to form in no way detracts from the glow and spontaneity of the verse; and truly "art conceals art." These "Letters," again like the "Litanies," "are addressed to the same person throughout — to his "white wonder" as he somewhere calls her; and run the whole gamut of passionate emotion. The "Litanies," written later, are more sad, more poignant, but show no falling-off from the high standard maintained in the previous sequence. These two series of poems form what is perhaps the richest "garland of love" in the English lan-

guage. Nor does he call upon his mistress in these only: some of his most exquisite sonnets reflect different moods of his passion, and of these none more ardently than "Ecstasy," which is straight from the crucible of the moment's longing; and several of the miscellaneous poems have her as subject. Of other longer works, "A Song of the Sea" and "My Lady of Dreams" are the most widely known But, apart from the two love-sequences, much of his finest work is found in his sonnets: in these he worthily follows in the footsteps of him whom he honours in a sonnet. Those that stand out pre-eminent, alike in sentiment and in form, are "Dante," "Remorse," "Philomel," "A Thunderstorm at Night," and "Ecstasy." Then, too, several of his lyrics should ever live in the annals of our song: "Zulalie," with the weird, suggestive note of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," "The Waking of the Lark," admired particularly by the Americans, and hymning a lark more lyric than Hogg's, more human than Shelley's; "Pablo de Sarasate," as delightful an occasional poem as has been written; "Mirage," remarkable for wondrous verse and lilt.

All these, the body of his work, are found in the volumes which appeared under the titles of "The Love Letters of a Violinist," "A Lover's Litanies and other Poems," and "A Song of the Sea," "My Lady of Dreams, and other Poems."

Running through all his poetry are two marked influences: one of Swinburne, the other of Keats. Of Swinburne, Eric Mackay possesses in large measure the charm of language, skill of technique, wealth of words, ingenuity of phrase, and the fund of classic love, the wide knowledge of romance literature. He has, too, much of his mastery of versification, his aptness of imagery, his high level of energy. In short, Mackay's affinity with Swinburne is one mainly of form. Sentiment is the ground of his affinity with Keats. Keats he resembles chiefly in delicacy of feeling and glow of emotion; and occasionally in that peculiarly Elizabethan luxuriance of diction. One of Mackay's sonnets is strikingly reminiscent of the Romantic, and that sonnet startlingly similar in atmosphere to the "Ode to a Nightingale":—

PHILOMEL.

Lo, as a minstrel at the court of Love,
The nightingale, who knows his mate is nigh,
Thrills into rapture; and the stars above
Look down, affrighted, as they would reply.
There is contagion, and I know not why,
In all this clamour, all this fierce delight,
As if the sunset, when the day did swoon,
Had drawn some wild confession from the moon.
Have wrongs been done? Have crimes enacted been
To shame the weird retirement of the night?
O clamorous bird! O sad, sweet nightingale!
Withold thy voice, and blame not Beauty's queen.
She may be pure, though dumb: and she is pale,
And wears a radiance on her brow serene.

But, all in all, though lacking his divine fire, he is more robust and vigorous than Keats, and is free from that Baudelaire—characteristic of describing in detail the outward manifestations of emotion. The innate, scarcely restrained force of his nature is seen to advantage not only in those powerful sonnets, "Remorse" and "A Thunderstorm at night," but also in the weird, potently significant lyric, "Zulalie," and in the flashing, scornful ode to Swinburne. More marked than vigour of narrative is richness of metaphor—of imagery; and this quality may be glimpsed in one or two examples:

"Phoebus loosens all his golden hair
Right down the sky—and daisies turn and stare
At things we see not with our human wit."
"From his crimson tent
The soldier-sun looks o'er the firmament."

Occasionally the metaphor is decidedly novel, as in

"The lightning is the shorthand of the storm."

Yet more noticeable than either vigour or colour is delicacy of sentiment, which naturally appears most in his love-poems. Varying and passionate as the atmosphere may be, it is never like that of Dowsen's "Cyanara." Though erotic, he is never indelicate; rather is he fastidious: but his restraint does not make him feeble or in-

adequate. What is more exquisitely terse than this line expressing the complete content of the victorious lover?—

"Crowned with a kiss and sceptred with a joy."

But his admirable delicacy, his genuine passion, his glowing colours, his unobtrusive energy of composition, his delightful phrasing and his fluent versification have not saved him from present-day neglect, a neglect that is undeserved. Though it is certainly to be admitted that he is not entitled to the rank that his votaries claimed for him in the days of his vogue, yet he just as surely is entitled to a lasting place in the history of English poetry as one who served art and literature with no ulterior motive and along the more emotional lines of English romanticism.

Eric H. Partridge.

The Significance of Bolshevism.

The Russian Revolution of 1917 must ever remain the most important event of the 20th century. Its significance for the future rests not upon its accidental accompaniments—the murder of the Czar, the atrocities which may have been committed in its name—nor upon the character of the purely local movement of which Bolshevism is the expression. Bolshevism, in so far as it is an organised movement of the Russian masses to secure, by revolutionary means, that control of the state which had hitherto been denied them, is a purely local movement, determined by the peculiar conditions of Russia—a country still in the land stage of its economical development, with the mass of its people not as yet divorced from the soil, and accustomed to the submission to the paternal rule of an absolute despot and quite devoid of political experience. As such Bolshevism represents a change so fundamental and complex, from complete subjection to complete freedom—political and economic—that it finds expression in such violence and extremism as may well appal the world.

But, beyond its local significance, its purely Russian character, Bolshevism must be recognised as the first articulate expression of a world movement on the part of organised labour. Bolshevism is the acute revolutionary expression of the fundamental instability of modern society and the concrete statement of the modern social problem.

The problem of society at all times is to bring government into harmony with the effective will of the governed. Society consists of a number of communities or peoples grouped in a determined social order by means of a determined connection. The state is the political expression of the unity of the community. Its origin is military and its historic basis is private property. The growth of Parliament as the governing body in the State is the growth of an organ for securing the expression of the political will of those sections of the community which have made effective their claim to a direct share in the control of government. In England, for example, the sovereign power, that is, the ultimate authority in government, was originally vested in the King—the successful military leader—as the concrete expression of the political unity of the community.

But the exercise of government proves an expensive business. The king is compelled at different times to admit to a share in the sovereignty each of the wealthy classes, whose ability to withhold taxes could cripple the government. This is the basis of all modern representative systems. The admission to power of first the great landowners and then the smaller landowners and trading classes led to the shifting of the sovereignty from the King to the King's feudal council, and from that to the King's parliament, in which the Commons gradually secure control as representatives of the greater number of taxpaying sections of the community. This was effected during the 18th century, before the industrial revolution produced a State in which the mass of the citizens were absolutely divorced from the land, and dependent upon a machine, factory organisation of industry—the capitalist system—the

prime source of whose wealth is not land, but capital, itself the product of labour.

The realisation of this fact by the owners of labour and its recognition by the classes already in control of government led to the enfranchisement of the masses during the 19th century. Thus the demand of the largest and last section of the community to make effective their claim to political power was answered in the same way as previously. Political power formerly limited to certain classes or sections of the community was now extended to all; the whole body of the governed become themselves the governors, or at last the choosers of the governors. Government formerly subject to the negative control of the mass of the governed, was now brought under its direct positive control. The dissatisfaction with, or opposition to government which formerly could find no expression except by revolution was given a constitutional means of expression through Parliament.

The growth of modern democracy and of the political Labour movement represents the attempt of society to make this control effective. Democracy is the attempt to secure the constitutional expression of the sovereignty in general will now admitted.

The profound dissatisfaction of all classes with the results so far achieved by democracy is the measure of its success. On the one hand it is said to have subjected government to the direct control of the unenlightened; on the other hand the workers feel that it has failed to make their control real or efficient.

The measure of progress of Society is the degree and extent of its culture. So far culture has remained in the hands of the few. Progress has been partial and one-sided, as in Ancient Greece, where it rested on the degradation of a mass of slaves. The ultimate progress of society must consist in the spread of culture from an exploiting few to the whole of its members. Culture means self-expression —the free development of the individual in society, through the removal of all restrictions on personal freedom not absolutely necessary for the safely of the group. Widespread culture is impossible in a community, of which a large section is economically or politically unfree. And inasmuch as the modern working class movement is a demand for political and economic freedom it is a demand for self-expression, for culture and progress.

That political democracy has so far failed is manifest. Democracy, accepted as the basis of government in all the belligerent States, failed to prevent a world-wide war opposed to the ideals and wishes of the masses in every land. The extension of the .franchise to the landless wealthless workers has introduced an alien element into the taxpaying body of Parliament. It has divided Parliament into the representatives of the taxpayers and the representatives of those who will not, cannot pay taxes. Where the development is most complete, as in Australia, the division results in the formation of a Labour Party and an anti-Labour Party, whose opposition is so direct and irreconcilable that the organic unity of society is destroyed.

Parliament has ceased to function as the organ of public discussion, for the expression of the general will, and exists merely to register the decisions reached through the conflict of the party machines under conditions which stifle all intelligent discussion, and which make the final appeal one to the emotions and not to the reason.

In industry State Socialism is found to mean State capitalism, and development is checked by the regulation of bureaucrats, while the workers' economic position remains as insecure as before. Finally —in despair at the failure of constitutional or political action to secure him a share in the rising standard of comfort, in the growing culture, to which he contributes so much—the worker falls back on Direct Action—the strike in Australia; in Russia the revolution.

This last is the fundamental fact. The right of the workers to some adequate share in modern progress is unquestioned. Moreover their realisation of their importance to society, and of their power to block production has rendered some action on their part inevitable.

Bolshevism represents the extreme dissatisfaction with the failure of political

democracy. It states the problem as between workers and society definitely; it proposes a solution, industrial self-government, which means absolute control by the workers. But while it is unlikely that this ideal system will prove practicable, or that such a complete breach with age-long tradition will leave any stable basis for government in Russia itself, it provides a most significant warning of what will be the result of a further failure of political democracy to secure harmony in the State. It contains a threat of world-revolution, which is inevitable if political methods fail and the State is unable to bring the workers into an adequate relation to government and to secure for them the economic security and freedom which are necessary for their attainment of self-expression, the ultimate good, the only happiness.

F. G. C.

Poetry.

Rupert Brooke once said that there were three things worth while in life: to read poetry; to write poetry; and to live poetry; and the third and last is the greatest of all. At least two of these are within the reach of everyone, and we can all be at least the silent poet Wordsworth speaks of, with the great forces strong and moving in the soul, though we cannot find expression for them in Art. The notion of what a poet is that survived over into the present century in the minds of a public that remembered the aestheticism and prettiness of Oscar Wilde and Le Gallienne—to mention two writers from a host—and had seen the Yellow Book, has now happily died a natural death. The War alone has shown that the poet is no less manly than his fellow, and "the name of poet" has truly been "terrible in just war and like a crown of honour upon the fight." Poetry is not a matter of a few aesthetics, or any sect with its narrow vision of Beauty; it is as wide as humanity and as deep: it comes home to every man's business and bosom: it is the most universal because it is the most individual. Poetry is not for a few chosen hierophants, but for all men: it is not a mystic incantation that none but the initiated can understand. It is woven of life; it is tremulous with hopes and fears and human love and sorrow: it refuses comfort and consolation to none. No part of life is foreign to it, for it comprehends all life.

It does not consist of fine words and unreal paraphrase for what could have been stated simply and directly. Language of that kind is invariably used to conceal poverty of thought and ideas. The old discussions as to the correct poetical diction seem very barren and futile to us. We know that it is ordinary speech, hammered and wrought on the forge of passion to its fit shape. There is only one test. It lies in the emotion itself: the utterance should be tuned perfectly to the inner music that produced it, merely echoing it in Form, pitched neither higher nor lower. Where the poetry may seem undefined, it is because the emotion is so also. When such men as the Symbolists play with twilight feelings, half lost, fluttering on the verge of the sub-conscious, their treatment may appear remote and wavery but their subject necessitates it. If poetry uses subtleties of expression, it is because the depths of soul which it is exploring cannot be expressed otherwise.

Poetry is not written with the mere object of pleasure either to him who writes or to him who reads, as some would have us believe. Like all Art, it is a much more serious and deeper thing than this. The poet writes because his emotion touches springs in him that overflow and demand expression. It may even be painful. All the sights and sounds he has known; his passions and his exaltations; colour and scents; and all the little crying rythms of life; whispering desires and deep meditations; all he has ever thought and felt join together in his brain subliminally, and are at last evoked into consciousness with flaming vividness. This is what is known as Inspiration: an uprush from beneath the thresh-hold; an accumulation of stored-up sensations

that rise unexpectedly, and, we might almost say, take him by the throat. Here of course, we are in direct opposition to the old Aristotelian heresy of Art as Imitation. Such a description is too obviously wrong and inadequate to deserve refutation. However it has done much to give a wrong impression of Art and its aims.

Hazlitt said that "he who has a contempt for Poetry, cannot have much respect for himself, or anything else." For he condemns not merely a form of literature—which is a little thing, and within anyone's rights—but Life itself and all that can make life noble and raise it to the stars. Every good deed is but the expression of poetry in action. Poetry stands for all that is decent and clean; it is the perpetual reassertion of the divinity in man against the bestial forces that would drag him down into the mire. Therefore biologically it must grow in power and comprehension as man climbs up the scale of things. Every advance of man is equally an extension of the ground on which poetry may operate. Poetry is the inheritance of the past: it comes to us, sweet and passionate with the lives of centuries, compact of all that men have known and felt and suffered in all ages, embalmed with a thousand scents; but its eyes are looking forward none the less into the future, and its feet are already set upon it, for the poet is always years ahead of the world; he catches the floating and invisible forces, that are to build up to-morrow, in a soul that is prophetic through sympathy, and knows them before they have properly appeared. There can be no end to this progress. The poetry of earth is never dead. It holds the sum of all past time in its hands and it hears the approaching footsteps of the Future. It will not, as some have feared, become specialised and the possession of small cliques, because of the enormous advance of the world materially. Poetry is not a fixed quantity only adequate to certain conditions; it can extend its dominion illimitably further. While man is not a machine, but can feel the stir of wonder and pity, and the eternities around him, there is no fear.

Poetry belongs to no one religion, because it belongs to all. Wherever man bows his Knee to higher things, the air is fragrant with poetry, as with incense and holy myrrh; and it is the poetry that is latent in a religion that keeps it alive and moulds it to the needs of men's souls through all the centuries; it is the sacred fire in the altar. Poetry is the summoning cry for humanity in the great battle of right against wrong, justice against injustice, and it is the true expression of democracy, for it reminds us that all men have souls, suffer in the depths, and rise to the heights; that the whole of mankind is heir to love and sorrow—a fact we are apt to forget nowadays.

Far from the war of sect and class, Poetry holds the solution for all their trouble. There is something else in life than toiling for money. This something, which is often overlooked by economists, is Life itself, and here Poetry is lord and master. It is the duty of every man to live his life to the full, to reach the height of his spiritual development by the path proper to himself, and this he can only do by living Poetry. Thus he will realise in his life the principle of the artist "Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty," and make it, not a paradox, but a warm living fact. Such a life, combining in every act fidelity to the eternal laws with beautiful fullness of sensation and happiness, is the highest we could possibly hope for. Ethics, uninspired by poetry, result in mere lifeless precepts. So we may echo devoutly the words of Rupert Brooke, quoted at the beginning. For Poetry is the spirit that fills and moves all life, all religion; all love and pity, and all the grandeurs of man's Babylonian heart.

J. LINDSAY.

Science: Some Misconceptions Concerning It.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae
Accipiant: Caelique vias et sidera monstrent
Defectus solis varios, Lunaeque labores:
Unde tremor terris: qua vi maria alta tumescant
Objicibus ruptis, rursusque in se ipsa residant
Quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
Hiberni: vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Felix qui potuit rerum cognosere causas.
Virg. Georg.

"Was it," asks Emerson, "a stroke of humour in the serious Swedenborg, or was it only his pitiless logic, that made him shut up the English souls in a heaven by themselves?"

Certainly England's continental neighbours have been wont to look upon her as a people illogical and without method —and what has been true of England has been equally true of Australia. And perhaps they have been right. Science and ordered method seem to have played but little part in the activities of the nation. In the early days of the war we were brought to a full and sudden realisation of our laxity in this respect. And the war has taught us that we cannot afford to ignore science and scientific method. Yet there are many who do so, and, perhaps, the loudest-mouthed among them are to be found in the ranks of the self-called Humanists, men who consider a fuller realisation of Humanism is to be derived from contact with ancient classics, than from contact with humanity itself. "It is curious, too, how often the Humanist seems to attach greater importance to the results than to the methods employed by the Greeks and Romans. He treats a description of Nature as literature; the words appeal to him far more than the things the words represent. He never judges a new play by the Greek standard; he never brings his Aristotle to bear upon the politics of the day."

Macaulay defines a scholar as "a man who can read Greek and Latin with his feet on the hob." And so often with the Humanist. He frequently denies the possession of Scholarship to any other, even to the most eminent of mathematicians and physicists. But the mesprise in which he holds Science, is born of ignorance of Science, of its aims and methods. The views of the average Humanist are reflected in these words of Bain, words which reveal startling misconceptions; "By Science I understand the artificial symbolism and machinery requisite for expressing the laws and properties of the world, as distinguished from the actual appearance of things to the common eye. . . . The symbols of Arithmetic and Mathebatics generally, the symbols and nomenclature of Chemistry, etc., require a peculiar cast of intellect for their acquisition. They are a class of bare forms, not remarkably numerous, which are to be held in the mind with great tenacity, and to be taken as the sole representatives of all that is interesting in the world."

And labouring under such misconceptions, the Humanist has come to scorn Science as an educational medium. Moreover as he was first in possession, he has a natural interest in the preservation of the institutions he represents. And, like the scientist, too, he thinks he has discovered the means of creating the ideal citizen. But the ideal citizen does not seem to appear. Meanwhile, with ever-swelling voice, men are clamouring for their rights and shirking their responsibilities as members of the social fabric. And if our educational institutions are to do anything towards social adjustment—or readjustment—Humanist and Realist must cease their mutual recriminations and fight with allied forces.

But the Humanist is not alone in his misunderstanding of the aims and methods of Science. We frequently find men who will have nothing of Religion, asserting that Science has explained away all that the Church stands for. And those, too, who will have nothing to do with Science, regarding it as something endeavouring to destroy man's faith in the Creator. They look upon Science as Alchemy; but whereas Alchemy hid its secrets in darkness, modern Science cries for light and yet more light. Yet the far-reaching ad-

vances in Science have had one notable effect on religious thought—that of having purged it of much ignorance and superstition. And who will say the effect has not been a beneficial one? Again, the aim of Science is primarily to know Nature, not to interpret Nature; to discover the 'how' of Nature, not to explain the 'why' of Nature. The interpretation of Nature may belong to the realms of Metaphysics; it certainly is not the function of Science. Science treats of secondary causes, not of ultimate causes. In Science the starting point is always something 'given,' which is left unexplained. Its very foundattions rest on certain postulates. And if all the Hypotheses, all the deductions of Science be based on certain fundamental assumptions, then Science can never deal in ultimate causes, can never offer any complete interpretation of Nature. The most it can do is to offer certain contributions to the discussion. As John Stuart Mill says, "The beliefs which we have most warrant for, have no safeguard to rest on, but a standing invitation to the whole world to prove them unfounded. If the challenge is not accepted, or is accepted and fails, we are far enough from certainty still. . . . And in the meantime we may rely on having attained such approach to truth as is possible in our own day. This is the amount of certainty attainable by a fallible thing, and this is the sole way of attaining it."

And we find further objections to Science from students of Art, men in whom the emotional mood is dominant. "The chemist and the physicist, no less than the mathematician, concentrate the whole of their brains upon algebraic symbols . . . immerse their minds in cheerless labyrinths of uncouth characters, to the exclusion of all those things that gratify the various senses and emotions."

Misconceptions such as these have led to the general belief in the existence of a hostility between Art and Science. But there should be not antipathy between them, although there does exist a very striking antithesis. Science aims at being unemotional, impersonal; on the personal, the emotional, is Art dependent.

Nature provides the raw materials of poetry. And in the unravelling of the secrets of Nature, Science should have precious gifts to place in the hands of Art. The two should be complementary.

Keats could not forgive Newton for robbing man of the wonder inspired by the rainbow. But Science never destroys wonder. It may sometimes shift it, but it always shifts it to a higher plane. It may thrust us from the emotional window for a time, but the end is always that the window is widened. When the half-gods go the gods arrive. For the forester Science has re-enthroned the Dryad in the tree, seen in its intense, insurgent life. Science can read a history, if not a sermon, in every stone. With wonder, with awe, perhaps with fear, do we consider the splendour of the star-strewn sky, the mystery of a tropic night, the beauty of the dewy gossamer spread like a curtain on the fields at down. But how our vision of these things is intensified and illumined by the light that Science sheds upon them.

True that Darwin once confessed to having given himself up to the delight of just looking at the birds and insects, without troubling about the problems of the origin. But whose outlook is not widened by a knowledge of the evolution idea?

As Meredith says, "You of any well that springs, may unfold the heaven of things." The better we know Nature, the more of the wonderful do we discern in her. As Walt Whitman says:

"A leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars, and the narrowest hinge on my hand puts to scorn all machinery; . . . . And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels."

By Science and by Science alone, may we attain to a full realisation of these thoughts. And such realisation inspires new wonder rather than destroys the old; opens wider rather than shuts to us the emotional window. Science and Science alone can reveal to us the books in the running brooks, the precious stone in the toad's head. The more we come to know nature, the greater enjoyment do we derive from her; only by knowing her may we enjoy her fully and only by Science may we know her. As Virgil says, "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas."

"DELILAH."

Cremation.

(NOTE.—The writer is indebted to the Hon. Dr. W. F. Taylor, M.L.C., and to Mr. E. H. Stevens, for much valuable information.)

His Grace Archbishop Duhig, in a thoughtful and eloquent address to University students, recently opposed the practice of cremation as a means of disposing of the bodies of the dead. As this question is becoming one of wide-spread importance at the present day, it seems advisable, with all due respect to His Grace, to mention some of the principal reasons urged in favour of the establishment of Cremation as a general practice.

The custom of burning the bodies of the dead is of great antiquity. It was practised by the whole of the ancient world, with the exception of Egypt, China, and Judaea. It is from the Jews, through Christianity, that earth-burial became the general custom of the civilised world; and there can be little doubt that the practice of cremation in modern Europe was first stopped by the Christian doctrine of the Resurrection. Added to this, the custom of burying the dead in or near a church has given the question a religion aspect.

We must, of course, respect religious objections to cremation (if there are any such, for it is an acknowledged fact that nations most versed in occultism—the Hindus for example—practice cremation universally). However, Archbishop Duhig and other high dignitaries of the Church have said that cremation is in no way contrary to Christian dogma, and they have quoted the case of the Christian martyrs, whose bodies were burnt, but whose souls remained indestructible. On such authority we can accept as certain the fact that there is nothing in the practice of cremation contrary to an intelligent and reverential acceptance of Christian faith. Since the religious objection is thus removed, we can consider the question only from the aesthetic, economic, and scientific standpoint.

With regard to the practice of burying in the holy ground of churches, there is no reason why the cremated remains of the dead should not be given the same reverence as is usually given to corpses. If it seems right to us, we can still raise glorious monuments over the ashes of the great, while columbarium and urn lend themselves to aesthetic considerations equally as well as memorial stones and coffins.

A point which is often raised in favour of earth burial is the facility which it offers for exhumation of murdered bodies, with consequent discovery of crime. In view of the remarkably few instances on record of discovery of crime in this manner, the argument is surely a poor one. In any case, the discovery of crime in this manner is not so much an argument for earthburial as a proof or the existence of faulty laws dealing with medical examination of the dead. The law in this respect, while demanding from the medical officer a certificate of the cause of death, does not require him to certify that he actually saw the person at death, or viewed the body prior to burial. Moreover, there are cemeteries which are subject to no law; and, in country districts, burial without certification is of common occurrence.

It is interesting to compare with this the stringency of the law with regard to cremation. Under the cremation act of Queensland it is provided that no cremation can take place without a permit from the Registrar, who shall—(1) require certificates from two legally qualified medical practitioners, one of whom must have been in professional attendance upon the deceased, and both certificates stating that the deceased died from natural causes; or (2) certificate by post mortem; or (3) certificate by inquest. In view of these facts it is difficult to understand the objection to cremation that it offers a means of concealment of crime. In any case, the possibility of exhumation of the dead is one of the least of the deterrents to the committing of murder; and we may safely assert that the establishment of cremation could in no way encourage crime or assist in its concealment.

Medical and scientific opinion is generally unanimous in condemnation of the practice of earth-burial, and we may here

mention parenthetically that the Brisbane branch of the British Medical Association has carried a unanimous resolution in favour of cremation. Sentiment is a small factor when opposed by the scientific and utilitarian demands of the age; and it is on scientific grounds that cremation can best demonstrate its superiority.

Despite any denials of the fact, there can be no doubt that earth-burial is dangerous to public health. The graveyard which is placed outside of the village becomes in time surrounded by the houses of the growing city, and evil results must follow. The presence in a city of such masses of decaying animal matter must pollute the air and contaminate the drinking water of the neighbourhood. It is known that effluvia may rise to the surface of the ground, or pass laterally for unknown distances, possibly reaching the basements of houses. Although an offensive odour is not necessarily harmful, yet there seems to be a peculiar something in the exhalations from a decaying corpse to which human beings are particularly susceptible. Two examples will show this. In Cairns, North Queensland, when the pipe-laying gang were cutting a trench close to the cemetery, the men were made violently ill by the effluvia issuing therefrom. Dr. Creed, of Sydney, mentions a case of a boy who became very ill and in a few days died from the effects of inhaling the smell from a disinterred corpse. To these instances we may add the well-known historical fact of plagues after wars, which must have their origin in the vast number of decaying bodies caused by the war.

A matter of consummate importance is the question of infection from graves. We know that human dead bodies, infected with the bacteria of highly infectious diseases, are buried in the earth often in a pine coffin not even water-tight. Now, the earth is the natural habitat of the tetanus, anthrax, and gangrene bacilli, and possibly of the leprosy bacillus, and other disease-producing organisms. These germs, reaching the surface of the ground by means of worms, etc., are easily disseminated through the air in the dust raised by every wind. There seems little doubt that the vitality of many disease germs is not impaired by even lengthy periods of inhumation. During the Paris Commune after the Franco-Prussian War (1872), some horses that had died of anthrax were buried about eight or ten feet below the surface of the ground. Ten years later Professor Pasteur found, in the earth on the surface, specimens of the anthrax bacillus which had been brought to the surface of the soil by earth worms. In another instance, the late Lord Lister traced a virulent outbreak of septic fever in the Glasgow Surgical Hospital, to the fact that the hospital had been built over a long-forgotten burial ground. Upon excavation, a multitude of coffins were found, which had been buried there during the cholera epidemic of 1849.

These, and numerous other well-attested cases, justify the conclusion that burial grounds must be regarded as constant factors in the causation of disease. The establishment of crematoria would materially decrease this risk, as all germs and organisms would be destroyed in the process of cremation. This fact alone is almost sufficient to justify their general use.

Our mind does not like to dwell on the disgusting putrefactive processes through which the body passes in earth burial. The time required for complete decomposition is about nine months, and even then the bones remain. When this is compared to the rapid and clean process of cremation, it seems unspeakably gruesome.

Sentiment is often shocked by a prevalent but mistaken idea that cremation of the body means burning it. Nothing could be further from the fact. In a modern crematorium no flame comes in contact with the body, which is subjected to an intense heat, some 1500 degrees Fahrenheit, causing rapid dessication. Science has shown that cremation merely accomplishes in a short time what putrefaction takes a long time to accomplish. Sir Henry Thompson, founder of the London Cremation Society, has enunciated the problem as follows: "Given a dead body, to resolve it into carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, safely, rapidly, and not unpleasantly." In the reverberatory furnace used by the same scientist, a body weighing a hundred and forty-four pounds was reduced in less than an hour

to about four pounds of lime-dust. The noxious gases at first produced were passed through a flue into a second furnace and entirely consumed. Surely this seems preferable to the repulsive process of putrefaction.

In modern times, the scientific aspect is given consideration rather than the superstitious or sentimental. The old customs must be sacrificed to expediency, and health must be considered before tradition. This is why we can forcast with certainty the future widespread adoption of cremation, and the gradual disappearance of earth-burial into the category of useless barbarities.

P. R. STEPHENSON.

A Chair of Crime.

A Suggestion from St. Helena.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—I would like to make use of the columns of your valued publication to put before the world some ideas which have occurred to me during the past few days. I know that the ideas are not new, but it is my humble opinion that they are on this account not less valuable. A keen observer cannot help being struck by the crudity of the crimes of the day, and all connoisseurs of crime will join with me in my wish to place this ancient occupation upon a higher level. Surely here a field is opened for the higher education. As I sit here and gaze on the stony walls of my apartment it is borne in on me that the ruin of my promising career is due solely to the fact that I lacked the specialised training which a University education alone can give. I am determined that the rising criminals of the younger generation shall not be debarred by lack of opportunity and encouragement from following up that great profession which, now that the war is over, alone possesses any attractions for a man of adventurous spirit. I am occasionally permitted to obtain books from the library, and it was in this way that I obtained a copy of your excellent Calendar which, I need hardly say, I found so fascinating that I read it through from cover to cover without stopping to draw breath. So inspired was I that that very night as I vainly sought slumber on my rude couch, my plan came to my mind full-grown. I would have cried aloud for joy, but I was stricken dumb with astonishment at the brilliance of my imagination—besides, there was a warder in the corridor. Here, I said, is a young University, not hide-bound, nor trammelled by the shackles of convention. An older institution might repudiate my scheme. Let Youth as ever seek the path which timorous old age declines to tread. Let her Chancellor, her Senate, as befits the officers of the youngest of our halls of learning, fling away the cramping bonds of Victorian sentimentalism and hail the emancipation of the intellect. Let the peculiar gifts of a hitherto despised order of mind be given full play until finally a dazzling constellation of crimes admirably planned and executed shall win a reluctant community to the realisation of the fact that our graduates have fulfilled their splendid promise. Criminals of proved ability, under my scheme, may matriculate without examination; but I suggest that the greater number of the students be young men without experience, who shall be hampered by no preconceived ideas. All that I will require of these will be a detailed knowledge of the history of modern crime and an elementary acquaintance with the principles of breaking and entering, or other simple practical work. First year work should be confined to misdemeanours of all varieties, and second year work should include a detailed study of felonies. In the third year the student will devote himself to an exhaustive study of the type of crime which he intends to make his life-work. Practical work in all departments must be rigidly insisted upon, for in this profession above all others merely theoretical knowledge is worse than useless.

An unsuccessful practitioner myself, I should consider my dearest hopes fulfilled if on some future Commemoration Day I should be permitted to see the Chairman of Faculty rise to present some brilliant student to the Chancellor for the degree of Bachelor of Crime with First-Class Honours in High Treason.—I am, Sir,

Faithfully yours,

W. DEEMING SYKES.

Welcome to Returned Men.

On Friday, July 18th, the staff and students of the University entertained at dinner all the University men who have returned from service abroad. The Technical College Hall was decorated with greenery, flags, and red, white and blue streamers. There were over two hundred people present, the guests numbering about forty. At the chief table with the chairman (Mr. A. I. M. Fraser) were Major Robinson, Professor Steele, Professor Richards, Dr. Glaister, Captain Melbourne, and several others. The majority of the staff and the heads of all the colleges were also present.

The chairman proposed the toast of "The King."

Subsequently Mr. Fraser, in a short speech, extended a hearty welcome to the returned men. He explained that the apparent dilatoriness of the students in the matter of arranging a welcome for soldiers was due to their desire to have as many of the men back as possible.

In an eloquent speech, Dr. Glaister proposed the toast of the "Fallen Soldiers." The toast was honoured in silence.

The toast "Our Guests" was proposed by Miss Easterby. On behalf of the undergraduates she congratulated the men on their safe return, and wished them success for the future. Mr. Leslie and Professor Priestley also spoke to this toast. Mr. Leslie mentioned the fact that the time was now ripe for the formation of a graduates' association, and he urged the graduates to seize this opportunity of establishing a tangible bond with the University.

Professor Priestley, in a fine speech, emphasised the necessity of facing and solving the problems that confront us now that the war is over. The signing of peace, though it marked the end of the war, was yet only the beginning of the work that it was the duty of every individual to aid in completing. The educated man must inevitably exert the greatest influence on those around him, and every individual should realise his personal responsibility and strive to aid in promoting the general welfare by a proper use of the educational benefits bestowed upon him.

Replying on behalf of the returned graduates, Major Robinson made a rather humorous speech, in which he mentioned some of his own undergraduate experiences. He concluded by thanking all those concerned for the hearty welcome extended to them.

Mr. Melbourne spoke of the experiences of the First "Tourist" Division. He said that nothing they had experienced in their travels had so impressed them as the extent of the British Empire and the spirit of unity that held it together. This spirit of unity he emphasised, as absolutely essential for Australia's existence.

Mr. F. Paterson, on behalf of the returned undergraduates, and Mr. Marsden (munitions) also replied.

The toast of "The University" was proposed by Miss Forster.

Professor Richards, in speaking to the toast, referred to the statement often made that the degrees of the University of Queensland are too difficult to obtain. He pointed out necessity of maintaining a high general standard and observed that the degree exams. are no more difficult than is absolutely necessary. Professor Richards also spoke of the urgent need for further funds to carry on the work of the University. People had long been clamouring for new faculties—Medicine, Agriculture, Law, Dentistry—and these

demands were becoming more insistent. The expense entailed would be very heavy and the idea could not be contemplated unless endowments or grants of some kind were forthcoming from citizens of the State.

Professor Steele, in reply, emphasised the fact that the University is not merely a place in which exams. may be passed. The University aims at turning out men and women who will make their influence felt in whatever sphere of life they may find themselves.

Mr. Brazier also spoke in reply.

During the evening there were several very enjoyable musical items. Miss de Stokar gave a rendering of Liszt's "Liebestraum," which was very much enjoyed. Miss de Stokar also acted as accompanist to Mr. Gasteen, who sang, and to Mr. Edmiston. The latter contributed a violin solo, "Liebesfreud," adding, as an encore, Martini's Andantino.

At the conclusion of the speeches the tables were cleared and dancing commenced.

The arrangements throughout were excellent, and reflect great credit on the committee, who devoted a great deal of time and energy to ensure the success of the function.

Music: The Human Necessity in Modern Life.

II Ragtime.

There is always a section of the community, ... whose ideals rise little higher than the jazz and the music of their life is not unlike its noise—Father Bernard Vaughan.

Life is a great musical composition whose author is God.—L. V. Beethoven.

At rare intervals Queensland is honoured by the visit of a great musical artist, and the overflowing audiences which mark such an occasion are (by their numbers), merely paying tribute to the possessor of a naturally beautiful voice or of a masterly technique. But where the inducement is the hearing of good music for itself, the critical observer soon discovers that only a very small percentage do consider such an evening's entertainment profitable.

An inquiry in a different direction, reveals the fact that the vaudeville is well patronised. The music stores, yielding to this large section of the public, hitherto have found their best sales in this cheap class of music. One of these ephemeral productions, for example, has been much advertised locally as a "song wih a swing," others are announced as "hits," while still another advertisements exhorts the reader to buy a copy and "be with the crowd." So it appears that for a great percentage of ordinary citizens, their musical realm is reduced, as if by the hand of an evil genius to the narrowness of the music hall and ragtime the king is master of their revels. Instead of summarily dismissing ragtime with a mere expression of contempt, it would be as well to institute some kind of inquiry into the popular taste in this matter before passing judgment of any sort upon it. An examination of ten of these most popular "rages" of the past years, reveals the following rather interesting facts:—

1. The rhythm is either duple or quadruple, of mechanical regularity, and syncopated freely.

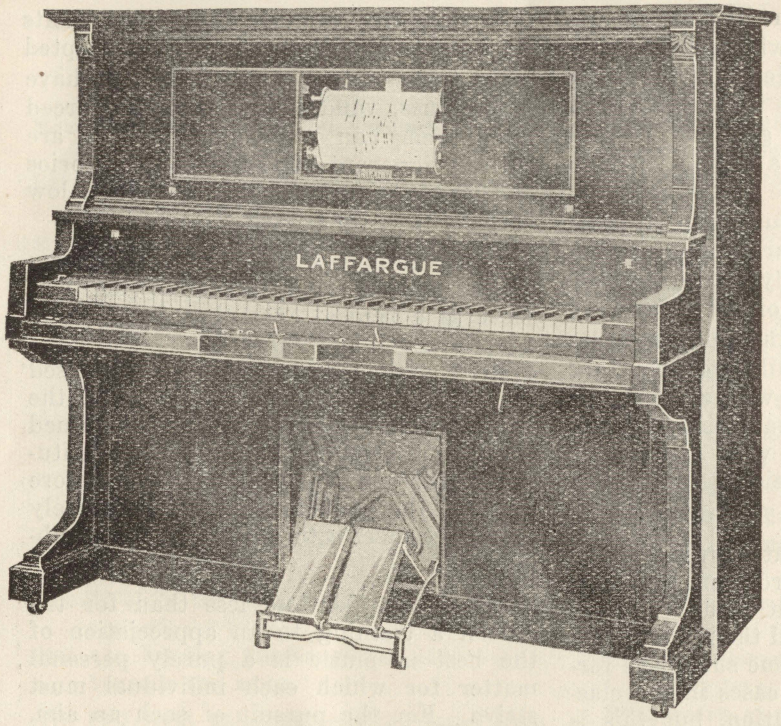
2. The melody is commonplace, especially in the verse itself, which few people ever try to remember.

3. Harmonisation is confined generally to 3 simple chords, broken up merely for rhythmic effect.

4. The words of seven of the 10 are positively absurd, two are vulgar, and in only one does sincerity of sentiment show itself.

5. Five out of 10 were introduced by pantomines, while 7 of them are American importations.

6. The average rage enjoys 6 months of public favour; by this time its place has been taken by another. It is a noticeable fact in the above analysis that, were the first factor absent, there would be no rag-



The most universal means of educating the people musically, the most successful means of obtaining the necessary familiarity with all kinds of music to cultivate a good muical intelligence without years of study is by means of the

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time. It is this machine-like rising and falling of accent upon which the soulless life of the popular rage depends. Another rather unpleasant fact is that most are of American origin. What good can be said of our musical taste as a nation when so large a percentage of the Australian public have found pleasure in singing at some time or other of the farm in Michigan, the fastness of a dandy's life in New York, the attractions of an afternoon on the Chesapeake or the puffing boats of the Mississippi. While we own that America in the future will continue to contribute her share towards musical culture, there is no reason why Australians should accept cheap foreign sentiment as their own.

We conclude then that ragtime is the offspring of low standards and commercialism. Nevertheless, it would be contrary to our intention did the reader draw the conclusion that ragtime should be forever banned. We have cases in the classics of extreme syncopation, but this is for the expression of extreme agitation, and there is with it a richness of harmony and tone colour. There is no reason why a few of the best ragtime songs, should not take their place in a music lovers' repertoire of standard music. Such would always serve as interesting musical forms, but very few of the enormous number published could reasonably lay claim to such a distinction.

While it is thus possible to show why ragtime music is not the best, surely the bounds of all reason and common sense have been passed, when we turn to the latest craze for the tango and the negro "jazz." The latter has aptly been described by one critic as "an organisation (of band instruments) in which the drummer is apparently the virtuoso." Such a distemper will pass with the war fever.

It is in the interests of the vaudeville and music hall managements to promote the demand for these low standards. Their defence is "The public want it and we cater for their demands." A more truthful statement would be "The people want entertainment and we give them cheap and flashy music." Nobody wants the worst, but the worst must be accepted when there is no choice. If people have pantomines, vaudeville and revue forced upon them, can we wonder if they are entirely ignorant of the masses, oratorios and grand opera? Their standard is low because it is thus fixed.

As an example of the effect of education of the public mind, the following will serve as a typical example. Some years ago the London County Council decided to give band concerts and, having aroused the people's interest by the recital of the lighter forms of composition soon obtained a better programme by gradual substitution of the good for the bad. Just before the war the council was giving entirely classical concerts to an appreciative public.

For the student no less than for the citizen a training to an appreciation of the best in music is a purely personal matter for which each individual must strive. For the pursuit of such an aim, attention must be paid to two necessary aspects of every musical composition. (1) its objective meaning, and (2) its subjective significance. Firstly, the hearer must be told what the particular piece of music is intended to portray. The composer may attempt to depict one of nature's moods, the glory and pomp of war or the tenderness of human feelings. The name of such composer will soon give the listener a good idea of his genius and style. A brief analysis, then, told in plain language will meet the first requirement. Secondly, we can only form some idea of the work of the composition by its appeal to the inner self of each one. If we feel that the composer portrays his own sorrow and deep emotions, if the music voices our own happiness and kindly impulses, then can we rest assured that we have learned to appreciate. We feel immediately that here is a treasure of immeasurable worth and that person will have profited most who makes no attempt to describe its beauty because of the conviction that such expression in words is forever impossible.

T. SIMPSON.

'Varsity Vanities.

THE FIASCO.

Now that peace has been concluded let us
for a while go mad,
Let us serenade the women, make the War-
rawee-ians glad!

So they called on King's and Leo's to assist
them in the fun,
And apportioned kerosene tins and old sticks
to every one.

But the Leo's men "regretted" that the nights
were still too cold,
And the only lads that went were out of
John's and King's, I'm told.

Now the bungers bang out loudly in the
silence of the night—
In their kiminos and slippers ghostly forms
appear in white.

Loudly sings the prancing choir out of time
and out of tune—
But the banging kerosene tins echoed still
beneath the moon.

Till two stout policemen—Irish—come from
round the college walls,
And on all the crowd assembled there a
ghastly silence falls.

"Good-night, ladies!" yell the bolder spirits
(hidden well behind);
And they all depart to fresher fields with
greatly chastened mind.

"Let us pay a call on Cumbrae, give the dear
old lad a roll!"
But the mighty Murphies follow! Can such
creatures have a soul?

But Inky, just to show that he's an inde-
pendent lad,
Argues boldly, but gets threatened, and re-
treats with curses mad.

"Are ye fools or slaves or cowards? My fat
aunt, you make me sick,
Scared off by a damn policeman! Let me spit,
O, let me, quick!"

But unmoved they saunter homeward. Shades
of Neilsen and Gasteen!
Was there e'er before a beating such as this
to forty seen!

(And the Registrar, amazed, expresses joy
both loud and deep,
And donates a jug of Castlemaine to help the
John to sleep.)

GLOBE VALVE.

MIDNIGHT ALARMS.

There was a sound of snoring loud and deep,
And weary maidens dreamt of washing day,
When suddenly they woke from out their
sleep,
And jumped full fifty feet from where they
lay.

Hush! Hark! a boom, a roar, a clashing sound,
The stilly air was rent by piercing yells;
Two bombs from fore and aft did shake the
ground:
A din arose as from a thousand shells.

Wide-eyed and pale of face the maidens crept
To that wide balcony where shone the
moon;
And holding hands in terror there they wept.
"Alas," they thought, "our day has come too
soon."

But now familiar strains delight their ear,
"It's Florie at the 'Varsity," they cry.
The sight of loved (?) ones now has quelled
their fear;
With hearts at rest, their tears the maidens
dry.

The neighbours hold their ears and loudly
swear,
A policeman now is hurrying up the
street.
In haste with cry, "Farewell, may ladies fair,"
The serenaders beat a quick retreat.

I.V.D.

LAMENT.

With Apologies to one William Wordsworth.

Exams. are too much with us; late and soon,
Learning and swotting we lay waste our
powers,
Little indeed of life can we call ours
We have given our freedom, O a sordid boon
To prop. No more beneath the silvery moon
We breathe sweet nothings; life is black
and lowers;
With Stouts' Psychology we spend our
hours,
And everything is dreary and out of tune.
We have lost all joy, Good Lord, I'd rather be
A cannibal upon a distant isle
So might I spend my time there peacefully
And doing nothing, hours away might
while,
With my sweet sharp-toothed bride there
close to me
To soothe my indignation with her smile.

A BREATHLESS BALLAD.

By the spiteful decree of a mischievous fate
I did not get up till a quarter to eight;
I sprang out of bed in the depths of despair
And rushed to the bathroom: but when I got there
I found I'd forgotten to bring any soap
And had to go back for it: lost any hope
Of getting to chapel that morning at all—
A frequent occurrence, beginning to pall.
I dressed in a hurry, disturbed by this sin
I shaved in three minutes and cut all my chin.
I got down to breakfast some five minutes late
And found that the food had gone cold on my plate.
I rushed for the boat when the breakfast was passed
For I knew that the 'Varsity clocks were all fast.
But the boat was so full that it so did befall
That I missed it, and so came in late after all.
Why should the iniquitous fortune be mine
That I should start work every morning at nine.

I.F.J.

AVILION.

Oh! I will hoist my sail and sail away,
And let my boat be borne before the breeze
Far to the west across the misty seas—
Across the heaving waters cold and grey,
Until about the dawning of a day
My straining eye a quiet harbour sees
Enclosed around with silent groves of trees,
Casting deep shadows on the placid bay.
I'll beach my boat upon its sandy shore,
And in that island hidden in the west
I'll lie all day a-weaving golden dreams,
And strife and toil shall trouble me no more;
And when night comes I shall be lulled to rest
By the low murmur of soft-flowing streams.

I.F.J.

TRAGEDY.

An awful scream rent the night air. It startled me from my sleep. I pictured to myself my neighbour's hens lying lifeless, cruelly slaughtered by some midnight maurauder or the grating of innumerable hinges. But no! my imagination was running away with me; 'twas a human cry, the cry of some helpless individual being smothered up in a rug. Again that piercing shriek eddied forth. It was too much for human ears to withstand composedly. I hastily grabbed Stout's Psychology and my only collar stud, and sallied forth to the rescue. The cries led me to the river. I shuddered—it was a bitterly cold night. Again I heard half strangled screams: "Don't drown me. Untie my legs. The water is damp-ough!" My heart leapt up in sympathy for the poor unfortunate thus doomed to an inglorious end. My knees trembled—there was a cold westerly blowing. Another still more agonising scream went forth, and another, yet another. 'Twas as though ten thousand demons were ranting out their ghoulish music on diabolical piccolos. Still another appeal burst forth from agonised lips. I could just distinguish: "Be sports—fight you all." Instinctively my fertile brain conjured up the vision of the glorious martyr defying his captors, even in the jaws of death. But the appeal for clemency remained unanswered. I was fast approaching the concourse. And then my surprise and admiration were aroused. There was the hero bravely struggling with his abductors. Often he seemed to have the upper hand, such great strength did maniacal terror give him, but it could not last. They overpowered him at length. Down to the water they took him. But even in the midst of death his poetic vision still worked. With greater loquacity than Pericles he delivered a funeral dirge over his own poor lifeless soul. As a grand finale to this auto-panegyric he exclaimed, "I'm dead; I'm dead," as the waters silently bore him onward on their bosom.

We were looking through the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. "Those lights," said the guide, pointing to some lighted candles on the altar in the Chapel of the Crucifixion, "have been burning for 1600 years." "Sixteen hundred years," said an Aussie, who in spite of orders to the contrary had sampled many varieties of the Jerusalem wines and cognacs. "Well," it's time they were put out." Puff! and out they went.

WALID.

Round the Colleges.

WOMEN'S COLLEGE NOTES.

Fluenzaveramus (M.S. reading fludaveramus, which is obviously corrupt). Some weeks ago the local John Hop brought for our inspection a formidable list of the things "we should not do"—invite the public to our parties, kiss at the gate, or gossip over the fence—while restrictions were in force. So, as far as public life is concerned, we have had a quiet time, but within our secluded precincts, life has had its compensations. We have had nightly dances and mid-nightly suppers. Miss Lobb, the travelling secretary of the C.U., was one of our star performers in our gymnastic displays at the latter. In fact, in her zeal for sharing all our sports and experiments she played her part in the isolation ward. We were pleased to have Mrs. Priestley at our boisterous farewell evening to Miss Lobb, and she made one of an admiring circle when our Principal demonstrated the possibility of performing acrobatic feats (pun absolutely unintentional) on a bottle, threading a needle at the same time.

To Miss Thelma Ruddell we owe the fact that we have a new enamel bucket in our much frequented laundry, and several new books to read while the clothes boil or the iron gets hot. Miss Bage and Miss Lobb have also added to our library, and Miss Hughes has promised us some ironholders. We thank our donors, and indulge in a quiet smile when we recognise how well they guage our literary and launderary tastes.

Since soldiers returning from the front now come back by rail again, we have resumed an old practice of welcoming them on their arrival, but experience shows that there is much more excitement at the hospital than at our original corner.

This term several of us have spent some happy times at Miss Dawson's Classical Evenings. We all sit round a glowing fire, picturesquely (more or less) grouped on rugs and cushions knitting and sewing, while our hostess reads interesting translations on the classics and books bearing on the lighter side of ancient life. After supper we become more modern, when the Principal reads Tish to us, or we read Anacrean's love poems to each other.

At our earliest opportunity this term, we entertained a number of friends at an evening, to which the women came attired in weird and wonderful costumes. Having lodged an early application for fine weather, we were able to have supper on the lawn, and then we "reluctantly sped the reluctantly parting guests." Next morning, assembled on the lawn, "bedecked in all our splendour" we posed and squinted before our photographer, and the results have been most satisfactory. Life is one long printing-frame.

ST LEO'S COLLEGE.

"We have no room for formal codes and fashions. No etiquette of courts we emulate."

"Life is what you make it," says the philosophical individual, cosily ensconced in the depths of an armchair, but one's college life in the main is what the other fellows make it and the communistic tendencies of our members, both proletarians and capitalists, are merging harmoniously into that broad spirit of toleration, unselfishness and solidarity, which forms such a welcome and almost indispensable addition to College life.

Before proceeding to give some vague unsystematized account of the term's doings, we offer our most heartfelt sympathies to Len Heenan and Neil Vallely, two of our members, on their recent sad bereavements. We lament also the early death of Rev. Father Keating, B.A., aged 26 years. He was our highly esteemed friend, and for many days the shadow of gloom pervaded the whole Colleges.

Well played, John's. Heartiest congrats. on your victory. The combination of your back line was admirable. That reminds me. Congrats. also to T. Lawton, V. Clarkson, and D. Herzig on their recent promotion to interstate rank.

A. Ping and J. Halferty both did well in the footballer's boxing tournament. The

former was put out in the semi-final after a plucky showing, but the latter is still going strong, and gives promise of winning the welter weight division.

The gymnasium is well patronised by some budding "Snowy Baker" artists, who strive but all in vain, to attain a well-knit frame, akin to that of our gentle giant who revels in the fascination of his physical fitness.

But it is not the most popular diversion, nor does Billiards retain its former position, for under the capable management of B.J.E., the tennis court has become a playing proposition.

The rumour that the picnic was the means of breaking off several engagements is not true, although many interesting developments have arisen therefrom.

A few nights ago we were honoured by an address on "Society," by Mr. Justice McCawley. It was thoroughly appreciated by the ladies and gentlemen present.

We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Captain Smith, M.C., D.F.C., of the flying corp, who will take up residence with us shortly. As a result, "Going Up" has become very popular on the pianola.

Sorry we can't tell you any more of the doings of our gruff denizens, but between ourselves, there a little over the odds.

VALE.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

The chief event of college life took place on Thursday, 15th July, when after dinner, His Grace Archbishop Donaldson, unveiled the Honour Board containing the names of the St. John's men who went to the Front during the recent war. Thirty four names are contained on the Honour Board.

One result of the evening was the strongly expressed view of the old students who were present, for some kind of general gathering of past students. This idea is good and steps are being considered to carry it out.

The College dance has been postponed until the first Thursday of September.

This step was made necessary by the restrictions on all amusement during the 'flu. In fact, we were sorely afflicted by the 'flu about the end of last term, and we have to record our appreciation of the efforts of the Warden, Vice Warden and Mrs. Marsden, who nursed the sick, and to congratulate them on their recovery from the disease which they caught through so doing. Inter-College sports have at last began again. A short time ago, St. Leo's took the field against our reps., and we are of course pleased to record our success (12–nil), but we are more pleased with the quality, it was too good to last.

The college is well fitted this term for an addition to the ordinary "fresher" many of our men are back from the front. It is pleasant to see Messrs. C. R. Paterson and E. H. Smith back in college this year. "Chut" Fryer is also back, but is not coming in till next year. Some of our members have been prominent in football, and we wish to congratulate Lawton, he not only represented the State, but was also chosen as captain of the Queensland A.I.F. team.

The College is at present running a billiard tournament, the results of which may be in next terms' notes.

Our congratulations are extended to E. J. W. Stanley, B.A., who after passing his Final Barrister's Exam., was admitted as a Barrister at the last sitting of the full Court.

Four men's pleasure is one man's sorrow, at least somebody thought so when he arrived anxiously expecting to share and share alike; but this is only a trifling event.

College raids are all they are cracked up to be, especially with the river so close. We wish to express our appreciation of the Warden's generosity in taking us all to "Goody Two Shoes."

KING'S COLLEGE NOTES

It seems but a little while since we were last called upon to record our doings, and yet when we look back, we find that another term has almost gone and with it all its varied happenings. There is no doubt that King's is gaining its feet once again. Our strength is now twenty, having this term added Mr. Chandler, a returned soldier, to the ranks of the Theologs. Perhaps the expectations that some of us had at the beginning of the year with regard to the revival of social functions, have been shattered somewhat owing to the recent epidemic, but nevertheless we can say that we have had a very good time in College.

The College had its share of the 'flu at the end of last term, seven men being smitten, but opened with a clear bill at the beginning of this term, when the epidemic ran its course through the Master's house. However all is well now.

Socially the College has done what it could with the time at its disposal. About the middle of the term, the men showed their lady friends that they could quite well conduct an evening. We turned the Dining Hall into a Drawing Room and held a very interesting game evening, which all seemed to enjoy. Supper was partaken of in the Master's Drawing-Room.

A second evening has just recently been held. Once more we used our Dining Hall for the purpose, when we started a King's College Guild, which we have had in mind from the beginning of the year, but owing the epidemic restrictions has been held back until now. The initial meeting was very successful, a very interesting address on "Coal and Oil" being given by Professor Richards. In the audience were representatives of the staff of the University, and several members of the Council of the College. The Master is to be congratulated on the initiation of this Guild, and we wish it success in the future.

The College has not at time of writing appeared in Inter-College sport, but is looking forward to the several fixtures. We have only just managed to put a Football team on the field, as several of the men are physically unfit for the game. A College crew is also in training for the boat race, and though new to this sport, are shaping well.

King's has been honoured this year by having Mr. Eric Francis once more in residence, as he is an International footballer. Just recently he played in Sydney in the match Australia versus A.I.F., and, from what we can learn, played a very good game, although the odds were very great.

Our Societies.

WOMEN'S CLUB NOTES.

Owing to the influenza regulations, the social evening which we proposed to hold on May 10th, had to be postponed indefinitely, but now now that the restrictions have been lifted we hope to be able to hold it some time in the near future.

The Annual Meeting of our Red Cross branch was held early in the term. Miss Hart, president of the East Brisbane ward branch of the Red Cross was present. After the reading of the Annual Report, the election of officers for the ensuing year took place, Miss Zoe Martin being elected secretary, and Miss Edna Campbell, treasurer.

The work of beautifying the common room is continuing satisfactorily. A gift of £1 from Miss Thelma Ruddell was much appreciated.

The L.T.B.D.A. is in a satisfactory state as regards finance. The Annual Meeting will be held shortly.

HOCKEY NOTES.

This term there has been a great increase in the numbers at the weekly practices.

Since last notes, we have had two Saturday morning matches, the first against the Graduates, in which our opponents won by 3 goals to 2. In the second we were victorious, beating the past and present Technical Collegites by 4 to 2. We hope to have another match against the Graduates very soon.

During the term Professor Priestley gave a very instructive address on the game, and this we all appreciated.

Provided that influenza and strikes permit, we intend to send a team to Sydney about the middle of next month to take part in inter-'Varsity hockey.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

The Christian Union continues steadily on its way, and there is abundant evidence of progress made. A definite membership roll has been compiled, and the number of members is approximately 100, a decided increase on the numbers of former years. This fact alone will suffice to show that the Union is in a healthy condition. During this term an auction sale was held under the auspices of the Union, and as a result the very satisfactory sum of £20 was handed over to the State Council.

Early in this term we had a visit from the travelling secretaries. Influenza and other accidents interfered with their visit, so that they were not able to see as much of the work of the Union as they would otherwise have seen. They expressed themselves as well satisfied with the work here, and in their reports to headquarters they reiterated that opinion though they saw fit at the same time to level certain criticisms that we cannot help feeling were, in the main, unjustified. The members of the Cabinet against whom, as the representatives of the Christian Union, the criticism was directed, feel that the matter is not one on which an opinion could reasonably be expressed except by people who have had ample opportunities for studying the work in this University in all its aspects.

The work of the various circles has been successfully carried on and the attendances on the whole have been satisfactory. Unfortunately it has been found impracticable to conduct the Bible Study Circles, under present conditions, along the lines we should like them to take, but we hope to arrive at an early solution of the problem of leadership.

On July 14th we were privileged to hear an address from His Grace Archbishop Duhig, the subject being "Cremation." We are also indebted to Rev. W. G. Pope, Rev. W. Gradwell, Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Seymour, and Professor Mayo for delivering addresses to the Union at various times.

The end of the second term shows the Christian Union to be in just as satisfactory a condition generally as it was at the beginning of the term, and we feel that if we can maintain the present rate of progress we shall have reason to be abundantly satisfied.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

After a cessation of several years, competitions were resumed this year. Three teams are taking part, one in each of the A, B, and C Grades. So far, the A team has been very successful, only two matches have been lost and the team is in the final of the Hospital Cup. The B team has not been as successful as it might have been, owing to the continual drawing on it by the A team. The C team has met with moderate success—a number of teams entered this grade late in the season and the competition has not been far advanced.

A lack of enthusiasm is now becoming noticeable, the practices not being attended as they were at the beginning of the season. In view of the approaching match against Sydney, it is the duty of all to turn out and get as much practice as possible.

Congratulations to Francis on gaining International honours again, also to Lawton, Clarkson and Herzig on gaining Interstate honours.

CRICKET NOTES.

On Thursday, July 17th, a special meeting of the Cricket Club was held to decide whether or not the First Eleven during the 1919-20 season should include Graduates. It was necessary to have this matter settled without delay. On the one hand, although Graduates who are members of the Sports Union are entitled to be members of the University teams they are not in any way dependent on the University for cricket opportunities. As other electorate teams are open to them a definite settlement of this question of their inclusion was needed to enable them to make their arrangements for next season. On the other hand it is obvious, and the graduates concerned clearly realise that the team should if possible be composed of undergraduates. At the meeting (which was fairly well attended), the decision was left solely to men actually attending lectures at the University. After some debate it seemed to them that the team could not approach "A" Grade standard by the unaided efforts of the Undergraduates, and they voted unanimously to

include Graduates during the 1919-20 season.

In pre-war days, the University put two teams in the field, one A grade, the other B grade. It is hoped that two teams can be run throughout the coming season.

The date for holding the Annual General Meeting of the Q.C.A. has not been fixed. It is expected that the Cricket Club will hold its Annual General Meeting before that of the Q.C.A., so that the University may be represented by delegates elected for the 1919-20 season.

BOAT CLUB FUND.

The following is the list of donors who have subscribed to the Boat Club's fund for a new boat. The list has now been closed and the Committee wish to thank once more those who have so generously assisted them.

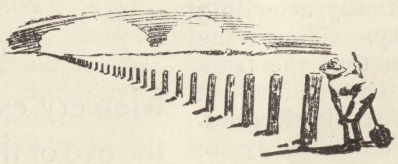
	£	s.	d.
Rev. E. M. Baker	5	5	0
A. J. Thynne	5	0	0
Sir Pope Cooper	3	0	0
Miss Bage	2	2	0
Mr. A. Stewart	2	2	0
Mr. S. B. Snow	2	2	0
Mr. McCawley	2	2	0
Mr. E. A. Cullen	2	2	0
Archbishop Duhig	2	2	0
Mr. Morrow	2	2	0
Professor Priestley	1	1	0
Prof. Hawken	1	1	0
Prof. Mayo	1	1	0
Prof. Steele	1	1	0
Mr. Seymour	1	1	0
Mr. Witherby	1	1	0
Mr. Kirwood	1	1	0
Mr. Castlehow	1	1	0
Professor Michie	1	1	0
Mr. Stable	1	1	0
Prof. Parnell	1	1	0
Mr. Axon	1	1	0
Mr. J. Biggs	1	1	0
Rev. Mr. Kenna	1	1	0
Rev. R. Glaister	1	1	0
Rev. L. Bennett	1	1	0
Mr. A. Muller	1	1	0
Dr. Hopkins	1	1	0
A. K. Cullen	1	1	0
Dr. Barbour	1	1	0
Dr. Spark	1	1	0
Mr. H. J. Priest	1	1	0
Mr. Bagster		10	6
Mr. Lusby		10	6
Professor Johnson		10	6
Dr. Denham		10	6
M. J. Biggs		10	6
Mr. Bousfield		10	6
Professor Richards		10	6
J. Huxham, Esq.		10	6
	£56	9	0

Sonnet.

On Reading "The Broken Heart."

"The Broken Heart" encloses three who shine
Aloft in fantasy, afar in charm:
Calantha, bright with youth, in glowing calm
Doth lose her life at Love's great, constant shrine;
And sweet Penthea, gentle-fair of line,
In shroud doth find her rest, her long-sought balm;
And Ithocles, who stood to both such harm,
So knows his wrong, doth drink of death as wine.
These three: the liberal and deep-felt lives
That fearless work their sad, regretted end
In long and painful, sure and fated race:
Who strive for joy all three and gain but gyves,
But to their fetters close do never bend:
Exalted live they, luminous of face.

"No. 394."



Why ?

Perhaps the first thing that makes an impression on the young fresher is the freedom which everywhere is apparent in his new life. For a time he rejoices in this feeling, but sometimes when he is no longer a Fresher, he sees the evil effects of it. Unless he has carried forward with him, the spirit with which he has been imbued during his Grammar School education, he soon lapses into a careless, selfish individual. This unfortunately is the tendency in our University to-day. There are those (and their number is large), who care nothing for the University and its institutions, except for the benefits that may accrue therefrom. How well they are known by their absence from meetings which should concern them! During First Term we had annual meeting after annual meeting, but how disgraceful were the attendances! The apparent apathy of the majority must have disheartened the officers of the different unions and clubs, but still they struggle on, and keep things going. Perhaps they expressed a hope that matters would improve as the year went on, but unfortunately that hope has not been realised. We have the ridiculous position of five men, in response to a notice calling a meeting of all Arts men, electing a selection committee of three, Nor is this apathy confined to one faculty alone: it permeates them all, just as it does our teams. Doubtless we should be thankful for the fact that there are some who recognise their responsibilities, and, attend every meeting at the University, for do we not see the same faces every time? Were it not for these few, our meetings would probably lapse for want of a quorum.

The same position exists with regard to the filling of offices in our clubs. Some few are willing to take positions and to keep the clubs going, but what of the others? Quite content to let the willing

horse work, and then if any thing goes wrong, to criticise. Where lies the cause of this state of affairs? Not in our secondary schools, for there we are imbued with the public spirit, a spirit of self-sacrifice, a love for our 'Alma-Mater.' No, the fault lies not in our schools, nor in our University, but in ourselves. We are too selfish, too content to reap the fruits of others' labour, and, too lazy to do anything for our fellows, unless by so doing we can obtain greater benefits for ourselves. Verily human nature is essentially selfish, but surely we can rise to something higher. Since so many University men are returning from the War, it is to be hoped that we can catch some of the spirit that sent them forth to risk all—that kept them going when the clouds of war were blackest.

Surely then we would not be accused of apathy. Our Unions would be prosperous, our teams keen and bent on giving of their best, and we ourselves worthy of the schools that gave us birth to this young University.

W.S.L.

Personalia.

This year there seems to be a lull in the storm of engagements we were assailed by last year; however we could give a long list of prospective ones, but refrain, on remembering their tendency to dissolve.

Now that the big interstate football matches have been renewed, "our shop" has had the honour of being represented by Eric Francis, who since his return from the war has again done justice to his old position of Australia's full back; by T. Lawton, V. C. Clarkson, and B. Herzig, who won the coveted honour cap. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to them. Dr. Gall, who played half-back for us some years back, and who has since graduated at Sydney, has also distinguished himself as half-back for Queensland, and Australia v. A.I.F.

Following on his century for the colts in their match versus veterans, Mr. R. R. P. Barbour has had the glory of being chosen as third man to represent Queensland against N.S.W. in the following Tennis Match. We wish our football and tennis teams every success at Sydney in the Inter-'Varsity Competitions.

It was stated through misinformation in the last issue that Peter Austen never attended the 'Varsity. As an unmatriculated student he came down here before the war.

Hector Dinning, B.A., an ex-editor, who had an article in the last magazine, has been appointed a Captain. He is still engaged in his work at Base Records, Cairo.

We are glad to see the number of the returned men increasing. Lieut. M. D. Graham is still playing good tennis, and may yet get his inter-State cap. Johnny Nielsen is now married; we hope it will have a taming influence upon him.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Robinson, D.S.O., B.A., is now A.D.C. to his Excellency, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams.

We wish to welcome Mr. Kirwan to his position as Assistant Modern Language Lecturer.

Lovers of the Ideal.

Our goal is set beyond the stars; our eyes
Are weary with continual Desire.
We seek a thing we know not: sacred fire
And light from deeper and diviner skies.
Here there is ever something that denies,
We feel a lack, a wanting; we aspire
Ever to heights beyond all height, and tire,
Missing the secret thing that deifies.

O God of hearts unsatisfied that yearn,
We hold it sure that very suddenly,
As round some corner in our quest we turn
Wearily, little guessing, we shall see
The instant flare of thy divinity burn,—
Come face to face with utter Mystery.

"P."

Dismissal.

You tell me that I must forget your face,
And all the clinging joy and sorrow of you;
Leave you and go: but this I cannot do.
I know well I will find in every place
Where you have been, the invisible strange trace
And fragrance of your body. I must be true.
Your eyes will haunt me still in all things blue,
And in all lovely things will be your grace.
Dawn will be red as your red lips: the sea
In sunshine, like your careless laugh will be,
Your mystery will dim the evening sky,
The silence of the woods be music—filled
As was your mouth, hushed with a kiss and stilled,
Your sorrow murmur in the low wind's cry.

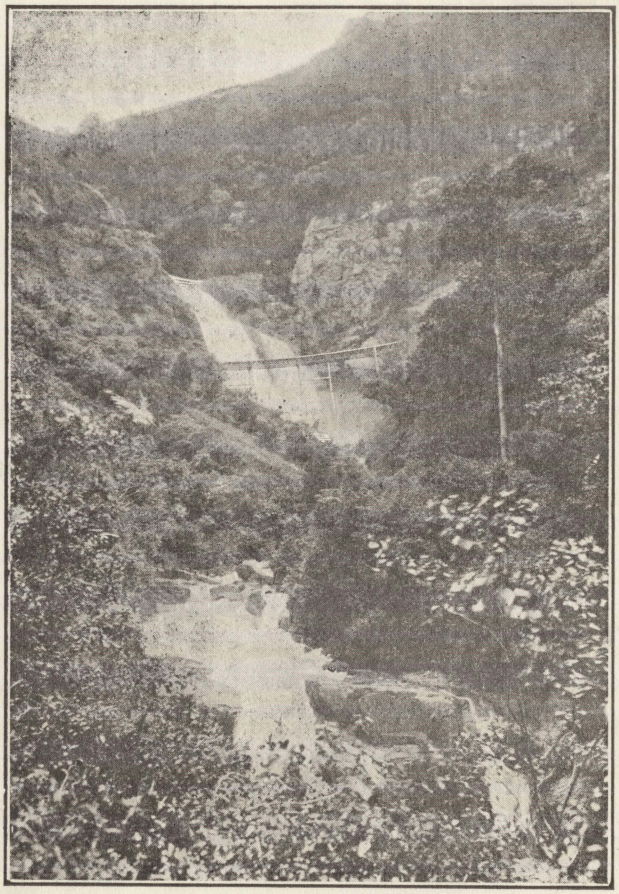
"P."

The following poem is the work of a poor, but honest poet, whose works are not as well known as they should be. We were led to publish it owing to the distinct bearing which it has on the lamentable behaviour of one of our contemporaries.

SONNET.

To a Youth Asleep.

Sleep is, no doubt, beloved from pole to pole.
At least it's what some poet-fellow said.
He did not mean that man should spend the whole
Of beauteous day recumbent in his bed.
Or that when summoned by the sounding peal
Of breakfast bell, that he should food-wards slouch;
Pyjama-clad, engulf a hearty meal,
And seek again the pleasures of his couch.
Awake! Awake! dear youth, for it is morn!
Alas, so deep he sleeps I fear 'tis true
He will not hear the sound of Gabriel's horn
But dreaming, drowse the Day of Judgment through
Until bewildered he awakes from sleep,
Hearing some demon's question—"Goat or sheep?"



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